And pittie tis they liue at ods so long:
But leauing that, what say you to my sute?
Capu: What should I say more than I said before,
My daughter is a stranger in the world,
Shee hath not yet attainde to fourteene yeares:
Let two more sommers wither in their pride,
Before she can be thought fit for a Bride.
Paris: Younger than she are happie mothers made.
Cap: But too soone marde are these so early maried:
But wooe her gentle *Paris*, get her heart,
My word to her consent is but a part.
This night I hold an old accustom'd Feast,
Whereto I haue inuited many a guest,
Such as I loue: yet you among the store,
One more most welcome makes the number more.
At my poore house you shall behold this night,
Earth treadding stars, that make darke heauen light:
Such comfort as doo lusty youngmen feele,
When well apparaild Aprill on the heele
Of lumping winter treads, euen such delights
Amongst fresh female buds shall you this night
Inherit at my house, heare all, all see,
And like her most, whose merite most shalbe.
Such amongst view of many myne being one,
May stand in number though in reckoning none.

Enter Seruingman.

Where are you sirra, goe trudge about
Through faire *Verona* streets, and seeke them out:
Whose names are written here and to them say,
My house and welcome at their pleasure stay.

Exeunt.

Ser: Seeke them out whose names are written here, and

and yet I knowe not who are written here: I must to the learned to learne of them, that's as much to say, as the Taylor must meddle with his Laste, the Shoomaker with his needle, the Painter with his nets, and the Fisher with his Pensill, I must to the learned.

Enter Benuolio and Romeo.

Ben: Tut man one fire burnes out anothers burning
One paine is lessned with anothers anguish:
Turne backward, and be holp with backward turning,
One desperate griefe cures with anothers languish.
Take thou some new infection to thy eye,
And the ranke poyson of the old will die.
Romeo: Your Planton leafe is excellent for that.
Ben: For what?
Romeo: For your broken shin.
Ben: Why *Romeo* art thou mad?
Rom: Not mad, but bound more than a mad man is.
Shut vp in prison, kept without my foode,
Whipt and tormented, and Godden good fellow.
Ser: Godgigoden, I pray sir can you read,
Rom: I mine owne fortune in my miserie.
Ser: Perhaps you haue learned it without booke:
but I pray can you read any thing you see?
Rom: If I know the letters and the language.
Seru: Ye say honestly, rest you merrie.
Rom: Stay fellow I can read.

He reads the Letter.

SEigneur Martino *and his wife and daughters, Countie* Anselme *and his beauteous sisters, the Ladie widdow of* Vtruuio, *Seigneur* Placentio, *and his louelie Neeces,* Mercutio *and his brother* Valentine, *mine vncle* Capulet *his wife and daughters, my faire Neece* Rosaline *and*